

o. 19

THE MASKED MARVEL!

APR

10c

# Keen DETECTIVE FUNNIES

THESE HUMOR STRIPS ARE THE PREDATORS OF COMIC BOOK ACTION.



JOHN C. LEE  
DAN TAYLOR  
DE MURRAY  
VILLIAMS  
GEET

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





THEY CAME THROUGH  
THAT WINDOW!

LET'S GET  
'EM!

SUDDENLY, A GUN IS  
SHOVED THROUGH THE  
OPEN WINDOW!

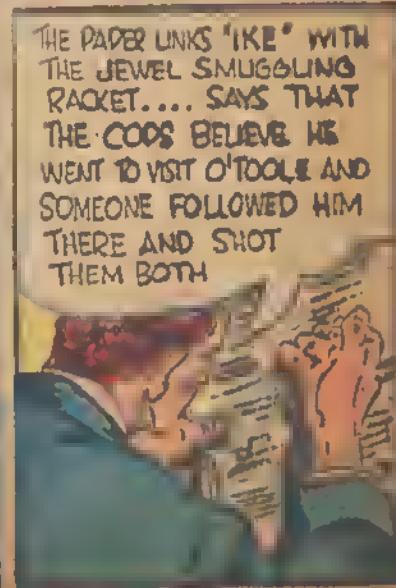
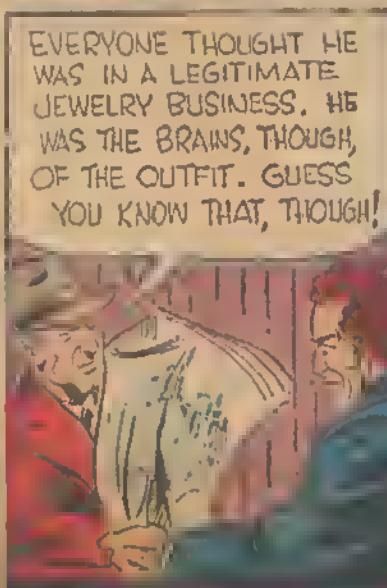
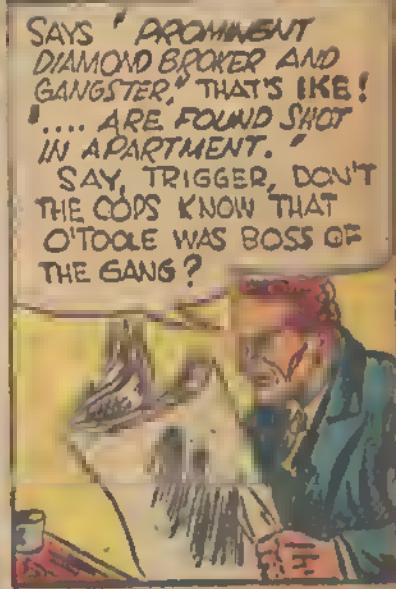
TRIGGER...  
I'M HIT!

WAIT... TRIGGER!

I'M GOING AFTER  
THOSE RATS!

STOP!  
YOU  
FOOL!

DO YOU WANT TO GET THE  
SAME? GO THROUGH THAT  
WINDOW AND YOU'D STOP A  
HOT SLUG! LET 'EM GO.....  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF HERE  
QUICK BEFORE THE  
COPS COME



RED... WHY DON'T YOU STEP INTO O'TOOLE'S PLACE? HE'S MADE PLENTY OF DOUGH AND SOMEONE HAS TO TAKE OVER

ME?

SURE... WHY NOT YOU? YOU KNOW THE RACKET AS WELL AS HE DID... AND THERE'S ANGLES I GOT FIGURED OUT THAT THE BOSS NEVER TRIED. YOU AND I TOGETHER COULD GET RICH IN A SHORT TIME. YOU'RE THE GUY FOR HIS JOB!

WHY NOT? I SPENT TOO MUCH TIME IN PRISON TO LET SOMEBODY ELSE GET ALL THE GRAVY OUT OF THIS RACKET.... HOW ABOUT THE REST OF THE MOB?

THERE'S A COUPLE WE GOTTA' GET RID OF RIGHT AWAY..... THE REST I CAN LINE UP FOR YOU.... BUT, WE HAVE TO WORK FAST. BY THIS TIME I TALKED ALL KINDA ABOUT O'TOOLE GETTING BUMPED OFF

O.K. LET'S GET GOING!

TRIGGER HURRIES TO A NEARBY TELEPHONE.

HELLO, GUS? THIS IS TRIGGER... MEET ME AT THE GARAGE... FOURTH STREET, RIGHT AWAY.....

ONCE WE GET GUS AND PEPPER OUT OF THE WAY WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH THE OTHERS.

THEY'LL DO WHAT I SAY AND THEY'RE ALL YOUR PALS, ANYWAY

HERE HE COMES.... GET READY TO LET HIM HAVE IT AS SOON AS HE GETS INSIDE

I'M READY!

THE UNSUSPECTING GUS ENTERS THE VACANT GARAGE TO MEET TRIGGER.

THIS'LL BE A GOOD TIME TO TELL TRIGGER I'M GOING TO BE BOSS!



INSIDE, HE MET A WILD FUSSILADE OF BULLETS!



THAT FINISHES HIM . . . WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE AND NO ONE WILL KNOW WHO GOT HIM! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF PEPPER NEXT!



HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, A SPECTATOR WATCHES THE MURDER . . . IT IS THE MASKED MARVEL!



AS SOON AS THE KILLERS LEAVE, HE HURRIES TO THE DEAD GANGSTER AND LEAVES A NOTE ON HIS COAT!

THIS WILL CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF ONE MURDER

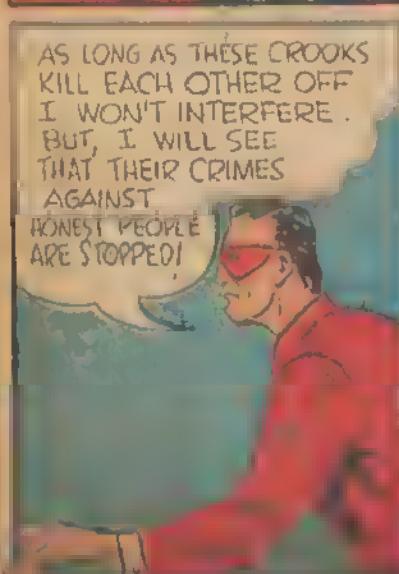


THE NOTE

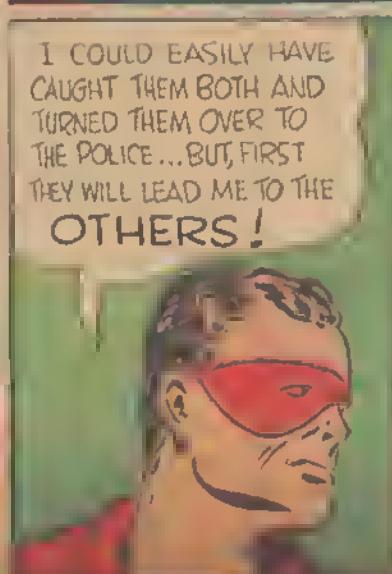
TO THE POLICE:  
EXAMINE THIS MAN'S  
GUN AND YOU WILL FIND  
IT FIRED THE BULLET  
THAT KILLED  
O'TOOLE.



AS LONG AS THESE CROOKS KILL EACH OTHER OFF I WON'T INTERFERE . BUT, I WILL SEE THAT THEIR CRIMES AGAINST HONEST PEOPLE ARE STOPPED!



I COULD EASILY HAVE CAUGHT THEM BOTH AND TURNED THEM OVER TO THE POLICE . . . BUT, FIRST THEY WILL LEAD ME TO THE OTHERS!



MEANWHILE . . .

WE GOT AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!  
GOOD! NOW TO MEET PEPPER!



IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY, PEPPER WAITS....

TRIGGER WANTS ME TO MEET HIM ON THIS CORNER. MAYBE I CAN GET HIM TO LINE UP WITH ME.... THEN I CAN TAKE OVER THE MOB MYSELF!



I GOT HIM!



AND, WITH A SECOND MURDER, THE TWO CROOKS SPEED AWAY!

WELL, RED, THAT MAKES YOU THE BOSS! AIN'T NOBODY ELSE TO INTERFERE!



AGAIN, THE MASKED MARVEL LEAVES A PENCILED NOTE:



POLICE: THIS IS ANOTHER OF O'TOOLE'S MURDERERS. YOU WILL FIND HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT.

WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, RED?

CALL THE BOYS TOGETHER... IF I'M TO BE THE BOSS... NOW'S THE TIME TO START!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

HELLO... CHIEF? THIS IS WATKINS IN THE LABORATORY..... WE'VE CHECKED THOSE FINGERPRINTS AND THE BULLET THAT KILLED O'TOOLE....



CAPTAIN ...THE LABORATORY JUST CALLED AND SAID THEIR TESTS PROVE THOSE TWO DEAD HOODLUMS ARE WITHOUT A DOUBT THE ONES WHO MURDERED O'TOOLE! THAT SOLVES THAT ONE MURDER... BUT WHO KILLED THE OTHERS?

SOME FRIEND OF O'TOOLE'S? SAY, CHIEF, DOESN'T THIS PROVE YOUR THEORY THAT O'TOOLE WAS MIXED UP WITH A GANG OF CROOKS.... EVEN THOUGH WE NEVER COULD GET THE GOODS ON HIM?

WITHOUT A DOUBT THESE ARE ALL GANGSTER KILLINGS AND O'TOOLE WAS THE TOP MAN. SOMEONE WILL TAKE HIS PLACE... AND I'LL GET TO F THAT MAN AND BREAK UP THE GANG!

GET THE MAN WHO STEPS INTO O'TOOLE'S SHOES.... AND WE'LL HAVE THE OTHER KILLER!

RED STULTZ AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF THE GANG.  
HERE THEY COME, TRIGGER!

IF ANY ONE OF 'EM OBJECTS TO YOU TAKIN' O'TOOLE'S PLACE.... I'LL DRILL HIM BEFORE HE CAN OPEN HIS MOUTH A SECOND TIME!

LISTEN.. YOU MUGS. RED STULTZ IS BOSS NOW... ANYBODY HERE THAT DON'T LIKE THAT IDEA?

RED'S O.K. WITH ME, TRIGGER!

ME TOO!

LOOK HERE . . . WITH THIS WAR GOING ON OVER IN EUROPE, WE AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO SMUGGLE MANY DIAMONDS IN . . .

BUT . . . WE'LL STILL GET 'EM! THERE'S A MILLION BUCKS IN SPARKLERS IN THE MIDTOWN JEWELERS' VAULTS . . . SO, TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO CRACK THAT PLACE OPEN AND WALK OFF WITH THE DIAMONDS!

TWO SHARP EYES, IN A RED MASK, WATCH THE PLOTTERS!

FROM OUTSIDE THE ROOM, THE MASKED MARVEL PEERS UNDER THE SLIGHTLY RAISED WINDOW CURTAIN . . . AND LISTENS!

NOT FOR ME, RED! I AIN'T THAT CRAZY . . . THAT PLACE IS WIRED LIKE A CHICKEN COOP . . . EVERY COP IN TOWN WOULD BE THERE AS SOON AS WE TOUCH THAT VAULT!

WHY YOU!

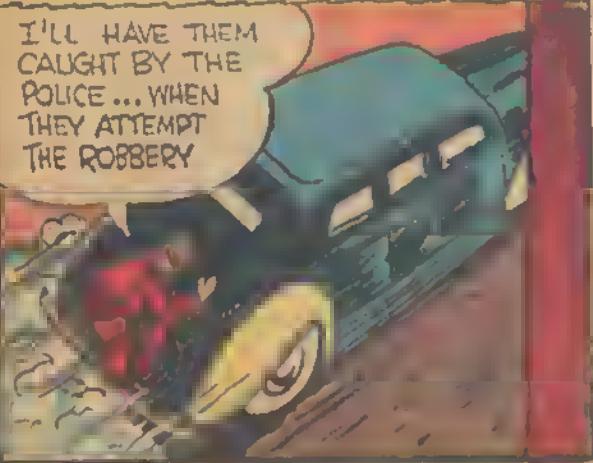
BANG

ANYONE ELSE HERE THAT DON'T WANT TO DO EXACTLY WHAT RED SAYS?

WE'RE WITH YOU, TRIGGER!

THAT NIGHT AS THE CROOKS SPEED AWAY,  
THEY UNKNOWINGLY CARRY AN EXTRA  
PASSENGER... THE MASKED MARVEL!

I'LL HAVE THEM  
CAUGHT BY THE  
POLICE... WHEN  
THEY ATTEMPT  
THE ROBBERY



TONIGHT WILL BE THE END  
OF THIS GANG OF  
CRIMINALS... RED  
STULTZ WILL GO  
BACK TO PRISON,  
WHERE HE  
BELONGS!



AS THEY NEAR THEIR OBJECTIVE,  
THE MASKED MARVEL LEAPS FROM  
THE CAR . . . . .

SORRY, BOYS...  
I HAVE TO  
LEAVE YOU HERE



HE WATCHES FROM A NEARBY  
BUILDING . . . . .

THEY'VE GOTTEN  
INSIDE! IN A  
FEW MINUTES  
THEY'LL BE  
READY TO  
BLOW OPEN  
THAT VAULT!



SELECTING A WIRE  
IN THE BURGLAR  
ALARM SYSTEM,  
HE CAUSES A  
SHORT CIRCUIT!

AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS,  
THE ALARM  
IS SOUNDED

COME  
ON!  
THAT'S THE  
MIDTOWN  
JEWELRY  
COMPANY!



IN THE MEANTIME, RED AND HIS GANG BREAK INTO THE JEWELRY OFFICES.

HERE'S THE VAULT....  
LET'S CRACK IT  
AND SCRAM OUT  
OF HERE!

MIDTOWN  
JEWELERS  
INC.

THE CROOKS  
SUDDENLY HEAR THE  
SHRILL  
WHINE OF A POLICE  
SIREN

LISTEN...THAT'S  
A POLICE CAR....  
MAYBE THEY'RE  
COMING  
HERE!

LET'S  
GO!

IN THE HALLWAY, THEY  
ARE MET BY THE  
**MASKED MARVEL!**

THE POLICE ARE RIGHT  
BEHIND ME...THROW  
UP YOUR HANDS!

IT'S THE MASKED  
**MARVEL!** WE  
HAVE'NT GOT A  
CHANCE!

ALL SURRENDER, EXCEPT  
**RED** AND **TRIGGER**, WHO  
FLEE IN AN ATTEMPT  
TO ESCAPE FROM THE  
**MASKED MARVEL**...

LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR  
IT....

DASHING DOWN THE  
DARKENED HALL, THEY  
PLUNGE DOWN AN OPEN  
ELEVATOR SHAFT!

THAT'S THE END OF  
THOSE TWO...AND THEIR  
LAWLESSNESS!

READ ANOTHER  
OF THE  
**MASKED,  
MARVEL'S**  
ADVENTURES—  
★ HERE ★  
NEXT MONTH!

# SPARK O'LEARY

## RADIO NEWSHAWK



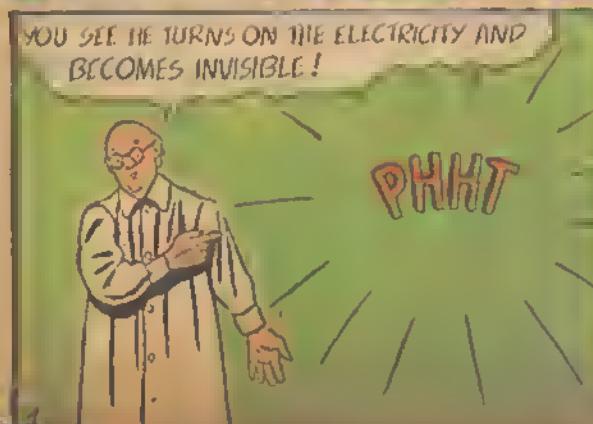
SPARK, PROFESSOR DORAN HAS AN INVENTION HE CLAIMS WILL MAKE ONE INVISIBLE...WILL YOU TAKE YOUR MICROPHONE OUT TO HIS DEMONSTRATION AND REPORT IT TO THE PUBLIC!



GENTLEMEN, MY INVENTION IS A SUIT WHICH DOES NOT REFLECT LIGHT...AN ELECTRICAL DEVISE CARRIED IN THE POCKET BENDS OTHER LIGHT RAYS AROUND IT...HENCE IT IS INVISIBLE...



YOU SEE HE TURNS ON THE ELECTRICITY AND BECOMES INVISIBLE!



AT THE PROFESSOR'S DEMONSTRATION

MR. O'LEARY, THERE IS NOTHING FAKE ABOUT THIS. TELL EVERYTHING YOU SEE TO YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE



MY ASSISTANT WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE SUIT...



TWO FOREIGNERS IN THE AUDIENCE COMMENT ON THE SUIT

WILBUR, IF OUR GOVERNMENT HAD THAT SUIT THEY COULD TURN OUT AN INVISIBLE ARMY...LET'S STEAL IT AND GRAB THE INVENTOR TO SHOW US HOW IT WORKS!



AS SPARK IS DRIVING HOME HE TURNS ON HIS RADIO  
FLASH! THE NOTED PROFESSOR DORAN HAS  
JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED!... MORE LATER...



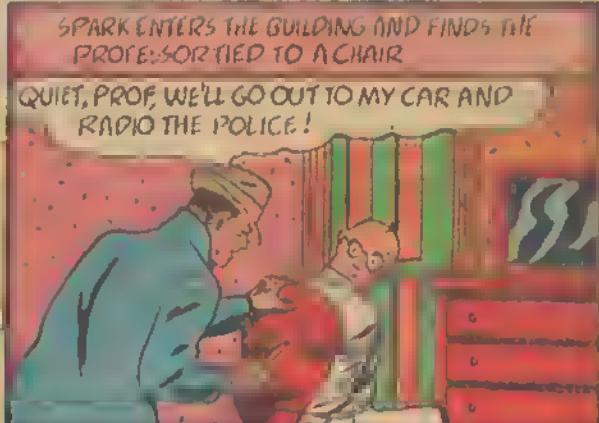
SOMEONE IS AFTER THAT SUIT ALREADY... WELL,  
IT LOOKED GOOD TO ME...



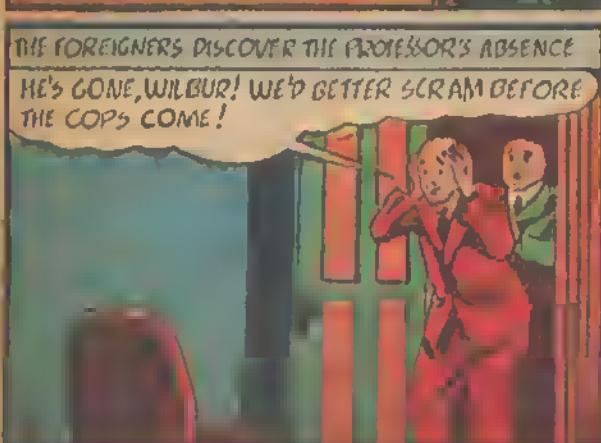
THAT CAR WAS IN A HURRY... SAY! WASN'T THAT  
THE PROF IN THE BACK? I'D BETTER FOLLOW  
AND FIND OUT...



THIS SEEMS TO BE THEIR ROOSTING PLACE... NOW  
TO SEE IF THAT WAS THE PROFESSOR...

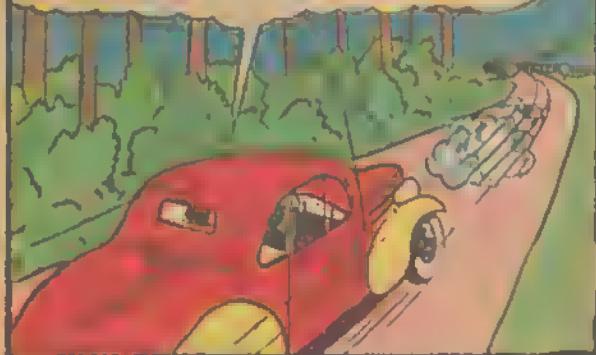


THE FOREIGNERS DISCOVER THE PROFESSOR'S ABSENCE  
HE'S GONE, WILBUR! WE'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE  
THE COPS COME!



YOUR ESCAPE HAS FRIGHTENED THEM AWAY... WE'LL  
HAVE TO FOLLOW AND SEE WHERE THEY GO!  
IN THEIR HASTE TO  
ESCAPE THE VILLAINOUS  
FOREIGNERS DO NOT SEE SPARK'S CAR...

THE ROAD IS STRAIGHT AFTER THAT TURN...WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH THEM ON IT!



BUT WHEN SPARK MAKES THE TURN HE FINDS THE ROAD BLOCKED BY AN OLD FLOWER



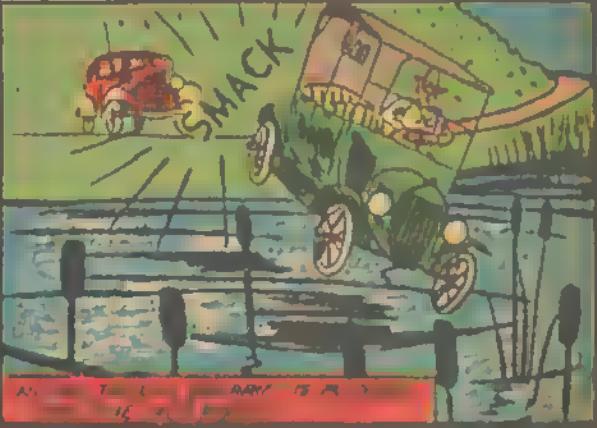
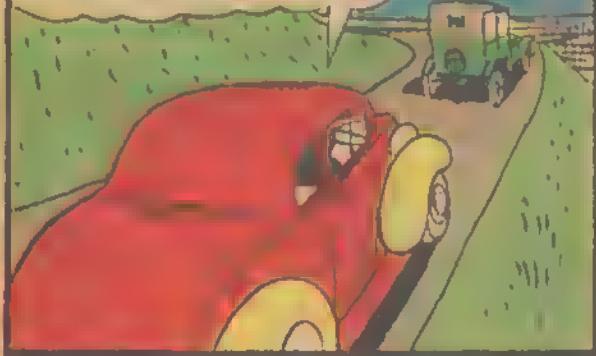
HERE NOW, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SPEEDING! FOLLOW ME TO THE COURTHOUSE WHERE YOU'LL GET SOME JUSTICE BEFORE YOU ARE FINED!



WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS BUZZARD SOMEHOW!



LOOK! THERE'S A BIG MUD PUDDLE...PUSH HIM INTO IT AND WE CAN GO ON



HERE! DURN YE! YUH CAINT DO THATAWAY TO ME! STOP!



I THINK THE THIEVES WILL RETURN TO MY LABORATORY FOR MY NOTEBOOK...IF WE GO BACK WE MAY CATCH THEM THERE!



AT THE LABORATORY SPARK PUTS ON A SPARE INVISIBLE SUIT AND WAITS



I HOPE NO ONE SEES MY HANDS AND FEET STICKING OUT OF THIS SUIT!



THE SIGHT OF  
HANDS AND FEET  
HANGING OFF A CAR!

THE THIEVES RETURN AS PROF DORAN HOPED.

LOOK WILBUR, I GOT THE NOTEBOOK ALREADY, I'M GLAD I'M INVISIBLE!

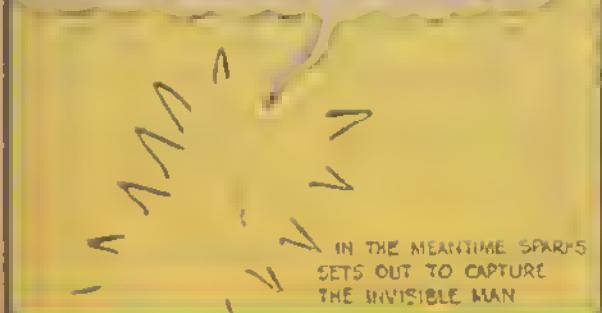
BEING INVISIBLE, TOO. I'LL GO BACK WITH THEM...



IN THE NEARBY ROOM OF THE FOREIGNERS THEY HAVE A WIRELESS... I'LL RADIO THE POLICE



THE POLICE ARRIVE AND ARREST THE VISIBLE THIEF INVISIBLE JAKE MUST BE AROUND! I'LL GO DOWN TO THE BALLROOM AND LOOK FOR HIM THERE!



IN THE MEANTIME SPARKS SETS OUT TO CAPTURE THE INVISIBLE MAN

BUT MADAME, I DID NOT TOUCH YOU!

EEEK! AH! HE MUST BE HERE IN THE LOBBY!



SPARK GOES TO THE KITCHEN AND TAKES A WHOLE STACK OF PIES

NOW IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY HIT THE INVISIBLE MAN WITH A PIE... HE'LL BECOME VISIBLE!



I'VE HIT HIM!

GLUB!



SPARK CHASES THE PIE SMEAR DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WHERE THE SWIMMING POOL IS LOCATED

CAT, DIS PLACE AM HAUNTED!



OOPS! WE'VE BOTH SLIPPED INTO THE POOL!

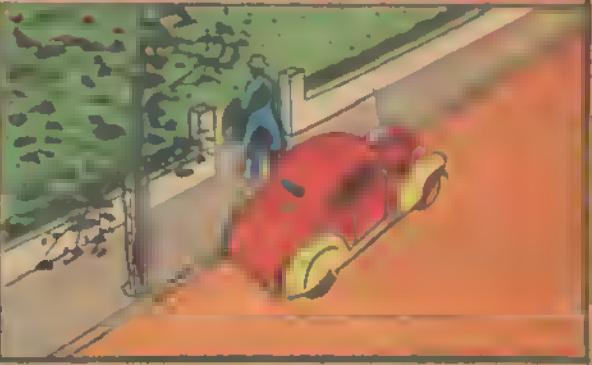


THE WATER SHORTCIRCUITED OUR SUITS...

I SURRENDER...IF YOU LET ME GO I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE NOTEBOOK IS!



SPARK TAKES THE TWO SUITS AND THE NOTEBOOK AND RETURNS THEM TO THE INVENTOR



THANKS, SPARK, I'LL LOCK THESE IN THE LAB WHERE THEY'LL BE SAFE!

O.K. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE STUDIO NOW FOR MY EVENING BROADCAST!



I THINK I'LL LISTEN TO THE RADIO WHILE I



A LATE BULLETIN STATES THAT THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR DORAN HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY FIRE...

UGH! THERE GO THE TWO SUITS!

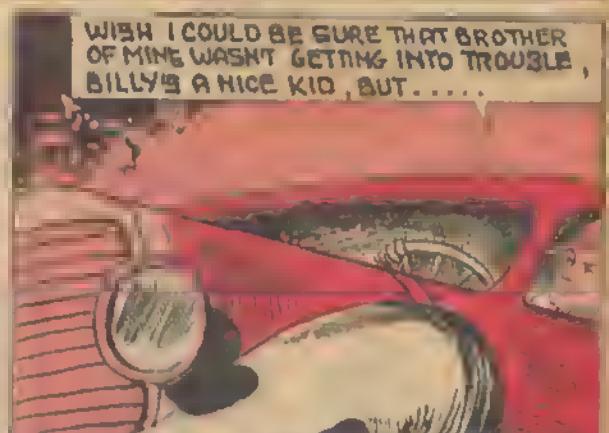


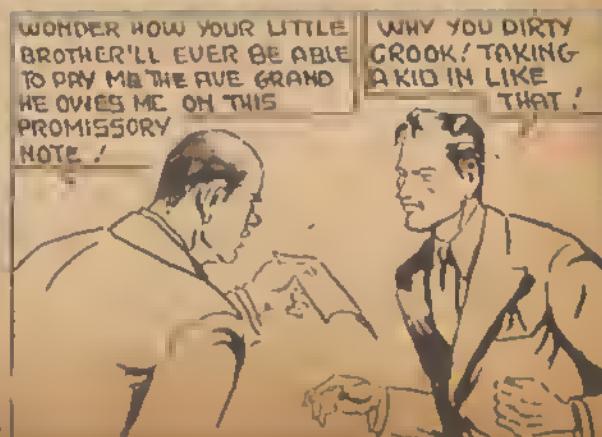
DURING SPARK'S BROADCAST AT THE HOME OF ONE OF HIS LISTENERS

THE STUFF THAT O'LEARY TELLS!...HE MUST MAN IT UP WHEN HE HAS NIGHTMARES!



# DEAN MASTERS DA









DEAN MASTERS SEES BILLY ENTERING BIG DAH'S PLACE.





YOU WIN ,  
MASTER... .

THANKS,BIG DAN... I THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE SEEING IT MY  
WAY  
SOMETIME...



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK ,  
MASTER. I JUST WANTED  
YOU TO SHOW YOUR HAND.



A LITTLE TOO  
BLOW, BIG DAN

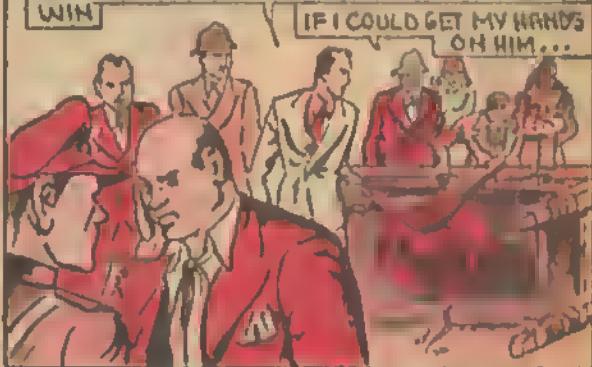


NO USE FIGHTING BACK, BIG DAN. THE  
HOUSE IS FULL OF COPS.....



THERE, FOLKS, IS THE REASON FOR BIG DAN'S  
SUCCESS... A CROOKED WHEEL... YOU COULDNT  
WIN

IF I COULD GET MY HANDS  
ON HIM...



THIS LITTLE CAN DID IT... FIRST I  
USED IT TO SNAP THE WIRES, THEN,  
BECAUSE THE  
END OF IT WAS  
MAGNETIZED  
I WAS ABLE  
TO STOP IT  
WHERE I  
WANTED TO

I'VE HAD ENOUGH, DEAN.  
YOU SHOWED ME I WAS  
ALL WRONG !

THEN COME ON, KID -  
WE'VE WON SOMETHING  
GREATER THAN MONEY



# How To be an Amateur G-MAN!

7 LESSONS IN  
CRIMINAL CRIME  
THE TOY ARE  
TADED TO  
HERO DEEDS  
THE F.B.I. IN  
THE ETERNAL  
WAD ON CRIME!

by  
FRED  
WOOD

LESSON  
NO. SIX-

LO, IT R. YOUR VOICE  
HANGED -  
I HANGED -  
I TO THE  
MOUTH ECE  
I WHILE IT  
WITH A  
HAIKE  
IN F!



HOW ARE  
YOUR NERVES?

A G-MAN MUST HAVE STEADY NERVES. HERE IS HOW YOU CAN TEST YOURS — JUST POINT AT A MARK ON A WALL AND SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN POINT WITHOUT CONSIDERABLE WAVERING. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO IT FOR 2 MINUTES.

QUESTION BOX —  
● WHAT QUALIFICATIONS MUST A PERSON HAVE TO BECOME A G-MAN ??  
(ANSWER NEXT MONTH.)

G-MEN IN ACTION—

STEP ON IT!  
I'VE GOT A  
CASE TO  
SOLVE!

I'M FROM  
THE F.B.I.—  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?  
THIS FELLOW STOLE  
MY CHINCHILLA! THE  
ANIMAL COST ME OVER  
\$10,000.00. I KNOW HE  
STOLE IT BECAUSE  
HE'S COVERED WITH  
THE ANIMAL'S HAIR!

ACME  
FUR CO.

AW-I  
AIN'T DONE  
NUD'IN!

RELEASE HIM! —HE'S INNOCENT!  
THOSE AREN'T HAIRS ON HIS COAT—  
THEY'RE THREADS! —SEE HOW A  
SMALL BALL FORMS ON THE END  
OF A HAIR WHEN IT IS BURNED —  
THIS DOESN'T HAPPEN TO A  
THREAD!

TRY THIS  
TEST!

HAIR — THREAD

# How to be an on-the-job G-Man

**12,000**

AMERICANS ARE MURDERED EVERY YEAR !!!



MR. LADOL OF CHICAGO'S BUREAU OF G-MEN WARNS THAT 300,000 AMERICANS NOW LIVING WILL BE MURDERED — AND 200,000 COME KILLERS DURING THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!!

HELLO? G-MEN HEADQUARTERS? SEND ONE OF YOUR RATS TO MY OFFICE — SOME GUY IS ACCUSING ME OF BEING A CROOK! I WANTCHA TO HELP HIM PROVE IT! HAW-HAW!



HELLO GIRLS! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

THIS CHISLING LOAN-SHARK CLAIMS THAT I SIGNED THIS PROMISSORY NOTE! IT'S MY SIGNATURE — BUT HOW CAN I PROVE IT WAS FORGED?



SIMPLE! — I'LL SKIP UP TO THE F.B.I. LABORATORY AND GIVE IT THE ACID-TEST!



NOPE! WE WON'T HAVE TO GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE AFTER ALL! — I CAN TELL BY JUST LOOKING AT IT THAT THE SIGNATURE IS YOURS BUT THE REST OF THE WRITING WAS ADDED LONG AFTER THIS PAPER WAS SIGNED BY YOU!

HOW DID THE G-MAN KNOW THIS?

March 5, 1940  
After 2 months I  
promise to pay Ben  
the sum of \$5,000.  
John Creek

HERE'S HOW HE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH!

NO ONE KNOWS HOW HE DID IT  
BUT HE FOUND OUT IN THE SIGNATURE!  
IS WRITTEN OVER THE J.

ALL I DO IS SIGN A CHECK  
AND IT'S AUTOMATICALLY  
WRITTEN OVER THE SIGNATURE!

IF THE CROOK TOOK A PICTURE  
OF THE WORDS HE'D SEE  
IN THE PICTURE — THE REST  
WAS AUTOGRAPHED BY ME!

CRIME DOESN'T PAY!!

CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT MACLEAN

# SPY HUNTERS



GENTLEMEN!  
MAY I HAVE YOUR  
ATTENTION!

I HAVE HERE ORDERS FROM THE WAR  
OFFICE, PART OF WHICH I SHALL READ  
TO YOU: "THIS BATTALION  
WILL PROCEED TO  
CALCUTTA THENCE  
BY TRANSPORT TO  
BREST, FRANCE.  
FURTHER ORDERS WILL  
BE ISSUED AT THAT  
POINT."

GENTLEMEN—  
THE EMPIRE IS...  
AT WAR!

ONE EVENING, AT THE OFFICER'S MESS OF  
COMPANY 'A' — 1<sup>ST</sup> BATTALION OF THE  
SEAFORTH... CAPT. FORSYTH SPEAKS!!!

HERE WE GO AGAIN! YEAH—BUT I'VE GOT  
A FEELIN' THAT THIS  
WILL BE NO OUTPOST  
TOUR!

AFTER THE  
TRIP TO CAL-  
CUTTA, THE  
BATTALION  
BOARDS A  
TRANSPORT.

THE NEXT MORNING

ON THE LONG TRIP, THE MEN ARE  
STILL IN THE DARK AS TO THEIR  
DESTINATION

SAY CORPORAL, IS  
IT TRUE WE'RE  
GOIN' TO THE WORLD'S  
FAIR IN THE  
STATES?

THE SUBJECT  
OF THEIR TRIP  
IS THE MAIN  
TOPIC OF  
CONVERSATION

ANY MORE TAKERS? I'M GIVING  
EVEN MONEY THAT WE DO  
GOTO STIRLING CASTLE  
WE'RE INWA  
NY BETS P



CAPT. FORSYTH IS CALLED INTO THE COLONEL'S QUARTERS WHERE HE LEARNS THAT HE IS RELIEVED OF HIS COMPANY.



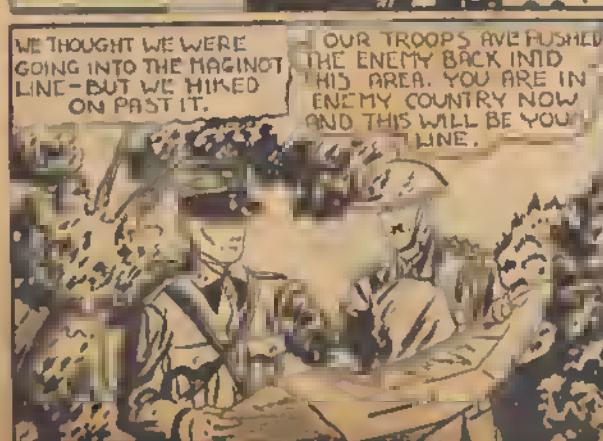
WELL, ABOUT TWO DAYS AWAY FROM BREST WE INFORMED THE MEN OF THE WAR AND OF OUR DESTINATION.... TWO DAYS LATER WE MADE PORT AND DISEMBARKED!



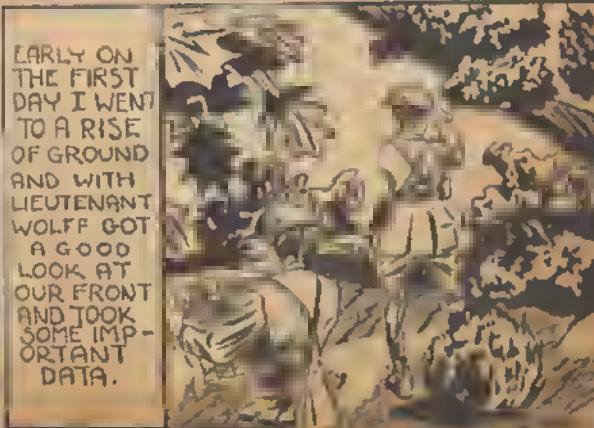
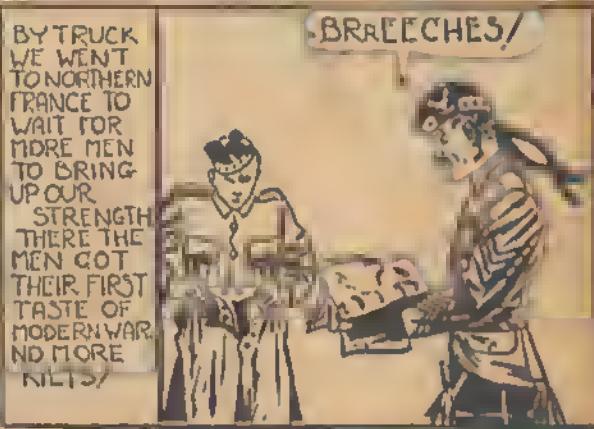
ABOUT A FORT NIGHT LATER, WE LEFT OUR NEW HOME AND MOVED TO BOULAY

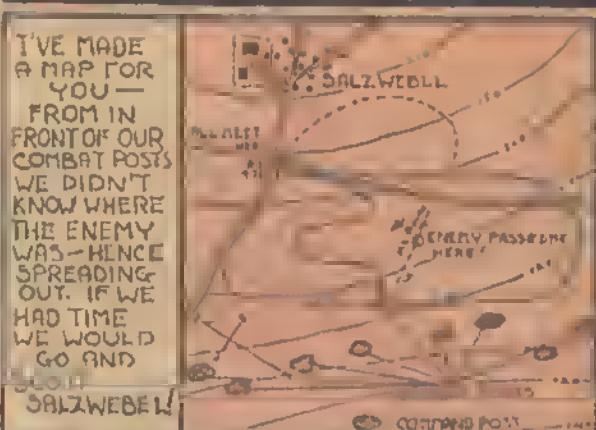
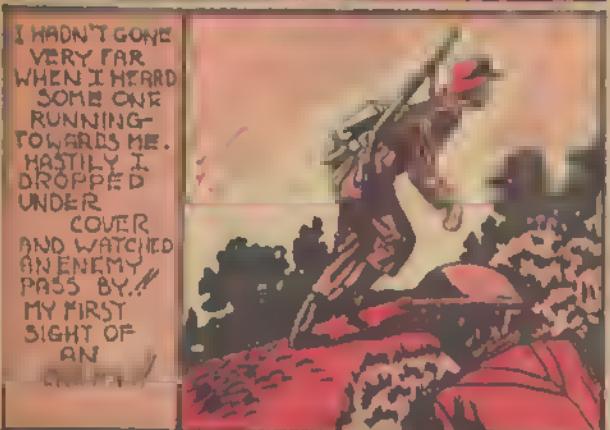
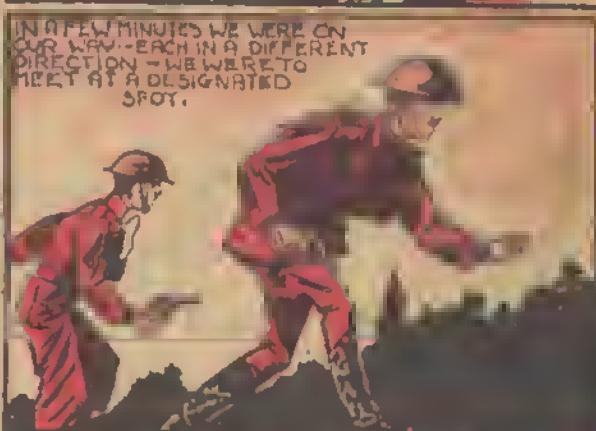
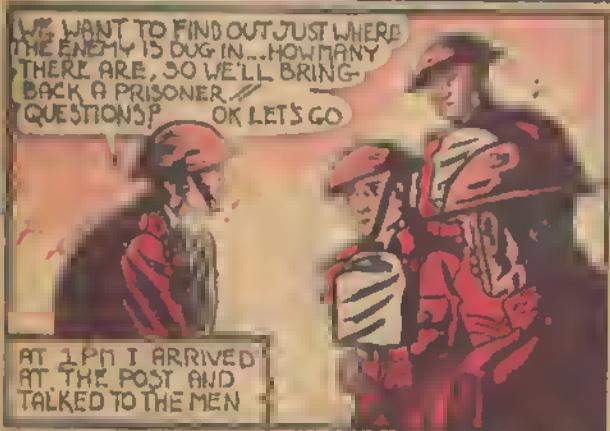


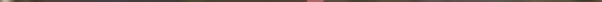
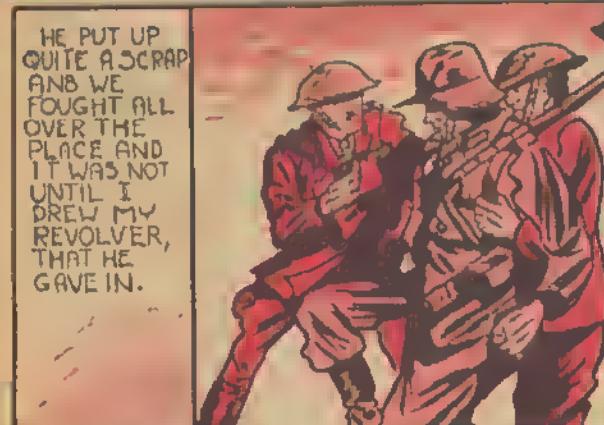
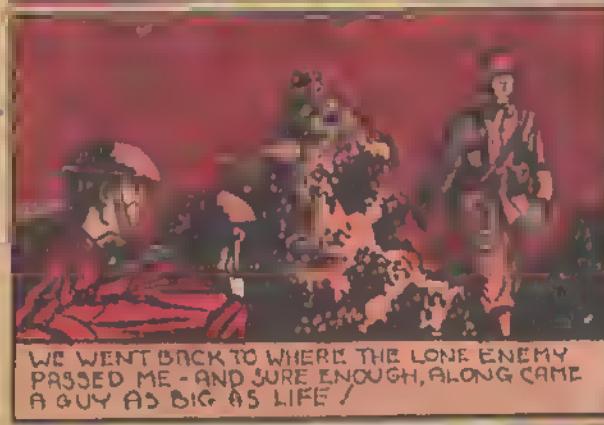
OUR TROOPS HAVE PUSHED THE ENEMY BACK INTO HIS AREA. YOU ARE IN ENEMY COUNTRY NOW AND THIS WILL BE YOUR LINE.

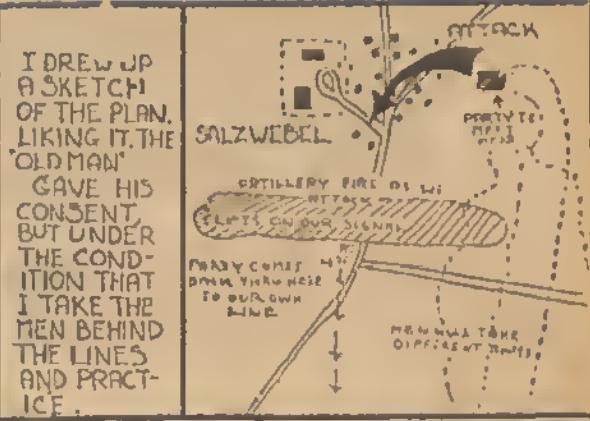
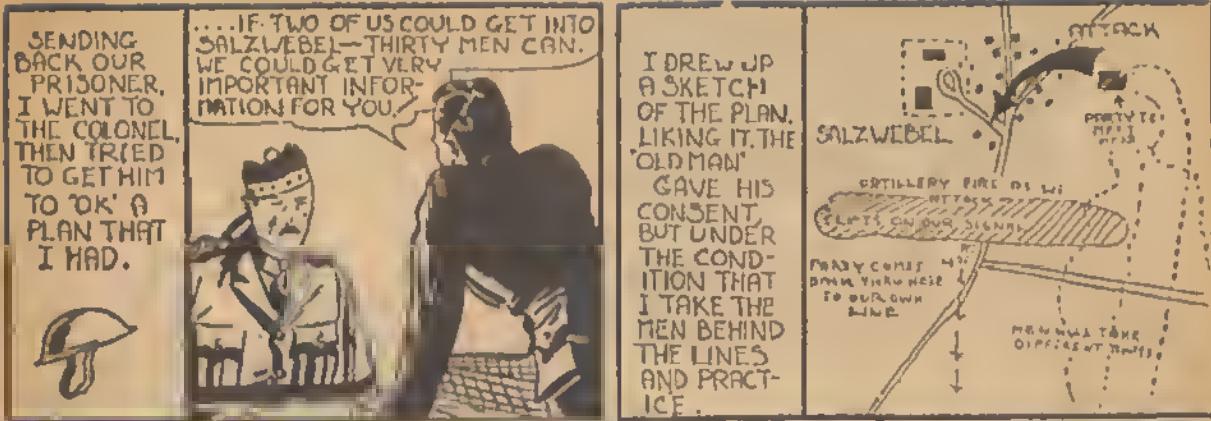


HOW ABOUT IT, SIR?











WE GOT INTO THE CENTER OF TOWN — ROUNDING A CORNER, WE RAN SMACK INTO A DETAIL — SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THEM!

THEY RECOVERED QUICKLY, COMING AT US WITH A WILD FURY — THERE WERE THIRTY OF US AGAINST THE FOUR OF THEM, SO WE DISPATCHED WITH THEM EASILY.

AT THAT MOMENT I WISHED THAT I HADN'T WHOLE COMPANY WITH ME. WE COULD HAVE TAKEN THE TOWN!



SUDDENLY AN OFFICER CAME OUT OF A DOORWAY! I HAD TO FIRE IN DEFENSE!



WE GATHERED UP OUR PRISONERS — FIRED OUR LIGHT — AND SET OFF WITH A HOPE AND PRAYER . . .



I WENT INTO THE HOUSE — TO A BACK PARLOR — AND STUMBLED ON A STAFF OFFICER WITH A SUBALTERN. WHAT A CATCH!



AS WE HIT OUR LINES, THE BOYS WERE COVERING OUR RETREAT IN GOOD ORDER. WE STILL HAD OUR PRISONERS — BUT I'M BORRY TO SAY WE LOST FIVE MEN!



FINIS

# THE LAST ACT

A Short, Short Story

By Sam Gilman



## "Piercing Knife— Piercing Laugh—Curtain!"

THERE'S nothing quite so dead as a theatre, during rehearsal. Empty seats, bare stage, no lights; a gloomy picture indeed. One big, thousand-watt, work light hung in the centre of the stage, throwing off its eerie light and forming huge, distorted shadows on the bare walls of the backstage. Tired musicians were seated in the orchestra pit, the small lights from their music stands shining up into their faces and distorting them into weird-looking masks. The conductor entered, mounted his podium, lifted his baton and the overture was begun.

This was Wednesday morning. It was on Wednesday that the new vaudeville bill came in to rehearse. The policy of the Follies theatre

was a new vaudeville show every two weeks. The new show opened every Thursday. And so it was on Wednesdays, that the acts came in to go through their routines with the orchestra.

It was a strange sight, watching these strange people going through their antics. Off in one corner, one actor would be tossing up four or five balls, practicing his juggling. In another part of the backstage, you could catch a glimpse of a couple of acrobats, going through their routine. All around, people were seriously engaged in working out their acts, ironing out little flaws and trying to perfect their art.

One man sat alone in the audience. Dark brown eyes, which seemed to mirror all the tragedy of the world, were set close to each other, alongside of a long thin nose. Topping

the large, sad eyes, were two thinly lined eyebrows, arched in such fashion, so as to give a perpetually, quizzical expression to his sombre countenance. His mouth, too, was a contradiction. The corners of his small mouth took a sharp turn upwards, but they looked so terribly, terribly sad. He sat apart from the others and watched the proceedings with a melancholy, far away look in his eyes—Lester, the world's greatest jester!

THE overture was over and the first act took the stage. A few hurried conferences with the conductor, and the second act took the stage. And thus, in this manner, each act in turn, took the stage; rehearsed the music cues with the conductor, and then went out into the audience to watch the rest of the show.

Sixth on the program was Lester, world-famous clown. He took centre stage, a lone, thin figure. He seemed dwarfed by the immensity of the theatre. He seemed far from funny, as he went through his routine with a strained, intense expression on his face. He made a graceful exit after his last comic, acrobatic dance. The music kept right on playing the refrain and, to all appearances, he was to re-enter. Suddenly, without a warning, a loud laugh came from the box, overlooking the left side of the stage.—Lester, the jester. No one ever knew what to expect next from him. There he was, seated up in the box, singing his last song, which finished his act.

The next act was the seventh and last, Tambini, world's greatest knife thrower. Tambini was assisted by his wife, the beautiful Karrina. A large backboard was placed on the right side of the stage, against which, the beautiful Karrina stood, in her skin-tight costume. On the opposite side of the stage, stood Tambini. In front of him, was the table, on which were lined up the many, knives, which he used in the act. The conductor rapped his baton. The musicians raised their instruments. Then came the weird, foreboding music in a minor key. The audience watched the scene, tensely. Tambini picked up a knife, took careful aim and let it fly. The audience gasped as it found its mark, a fraction of an inch away from the beautiful Karrina's face. She didn't bat an eyelash. And so went the act, with Tambini throwing knife after knife, with ever increasing tempo. The music reached a feverish pitch, as Tambini, the movement of his arms scarcely visible, now hurled the knives in rapid succession. Then came the triumphant flourish of trumpets. Tambini bowed and extended his hand to his wife. The beautiful Karrina stepped forward. There on the board in back of her was the outline of her beautiful

body, traced by a line of knives.

Lester sat in the box, throughout this act with a tense, drawn expression on his face. How he loved the beautiful Karrina. The lovely Karrina, who only laughed at him and teased him as though he were but a toy, a plaything for her amusement. How he suffered untold mental agonies each time they rehearsed their act. One bad throw and her life would be no more. It was unbearable. He could not stand the suspense much longer. She was sure to be killed by her husband's knife—but WHEN?

THE following night, the show opened. That cold, Thursday night made theatrical history. The house was full. The crowd was a gay one and Lester's act never went better. Never, was he funnier. And never did the audience laugh so much. And when he finally appeared in the box, over the stage, for his final song, they just roared. That night, he did not leave the box, after his act, but waited there for the knife-throwing act.

The curtains parted, and there was the lovely Karrina, posed beautifully against the wooden backboard. The music picked up its exciting theme and Tambini began hurling his knives, with unerring eye. The music gradually picked up tempo. The knives started to fly faster. Both music and knives were now at a feverish pitch. Suddenly a piercing scream was heard! The music stopped suddenly! The knives ceased flying! There, on the right side of the stage, supported by the outline of knives, stood the limp, still figure of the beautiful Karrina, a knife, buried deep in her bosom.

There was utter, deafening silence in the theatre. Not a soul stirred! Suddenly, a loud laugh came from the box, overlooking the left side of the stage. A long, loud, tragic laugh. There stood Lester, the world's greatest jester. Something was in his right hand—a knife. The audience was breathless, as he stood poised there, knife in hand and laughing away, with that sad tearful laugh. One word did he utter, before he plunged the knife into his breast.

"Karrina!"



# DAN DENNIS

F · B · I

## ...ESPIONAGE

With the outbreak of the new European war, international spy activity swings into fast action! Already, the United States are flooded with spies! These agents have established a seemingly fool-proof system of transmitting information to their respective governments . . . .

Most glamorous and daring of these bands is the "Scarlet Spy Ring." Dan Dennis and his side-kick, Tick, receive instructions from F.B.I. Headquarters . . . .

by Sam Gilman

INSTRUCTIONS FROM  
HEADQUARTERS . . .  
WE'RE TO CONTACT  
OPERATOR G-7  
IN FRONT OF THE  
HOTEL PIERLESS



HERE WE ARE, DAN—  
THIS IS THE SPOT

G-7 HAS OUR  
PHOTOS . . . SO WE'LL  
HAVE TO WAIT TILL  
WE'RE RECOGNIZED

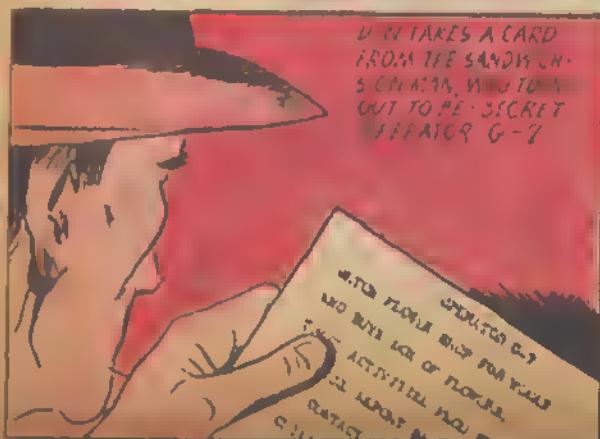


SAY TICK, THIS FELLOW SEEMS  
PRETTY ANXIOUS FOR  
US TO TAKE ONE OF  
HIS CARDS . . .

D'YOU THINK  
IT MIGHT BE  
OPERATOR  
G-7?



DAN TAKES A CARD  
FROM THE SANDUSCH  
SCARFIA, WHO TURNED  
OUT TO BE SECRET  
SPYSTER G-7



THAT LOOKS LIKE  
THE SHOP ACROSS  
THE STREET . . .  
LOOK! AND THERE  
GOES . . .



A FASCINATING YOUNG WOMAN STOPS IN FRONT OF THE FLOWER SHOP AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE . . . A CASUAL GLANCE TO THE RIGHT AND THEN TO THE LEFT . . . NONCHALANTLY SHE TURNS AND ENTERS . . .



IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS . . . TO BE DELIVERED TO PROFESSOR ZWERDLING WITHOUT FAIL! ARE YOU BEING FOLLOWED BY ANYONE?

YES! . . . TURN SLOWLY TO THE WINDOW—SEE THE TWO GENTLEMEN? . . .



I WATCHED THEIR REFLECTION IN YOUR WINDOW . . . THE FOOLS ARE SHADOWING ME! HAH! I SHALL GIVE THEM A MERRY CHASE!

HMM . . . YES, I SEE THEM . . . THE GENTLEMEN, OBVIOUSLY, HAVE FLAT FEET . . . G-MEN, I PRESUME . . .



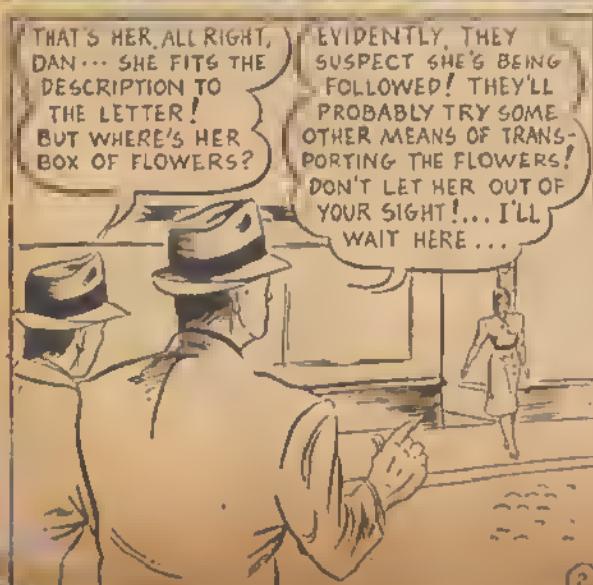
YES, POLLY, YOU RETURN TO THE FLAT . . . I'LL HAVE THE FLOWERS DELIVERED TO YOU BY OUR MESSENGER . . .

THE "G" MEN SHALL FIND IT, NOT SO SIMPLE TO KEEP TRACK OF POLLY SUTTON!



THAT'S HER, ALL RIGHT, DAN . . . SHE FITS THE DESCRIPTION TO THE LETTER! BUT WHERE'S HER BOX OF FLOWERS?

EVIDENTLY, THEY SUSPECT SHE'S BEING FOLLOWED! THEY'LL PROBABLY TRY SOME OTHER MEANS OF TRANSPORTING THE FLOWERS! DON'T LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT! . . . I'LL WAIT HERE . . .



LEAD ON, MY FINE YOUNG FELLOW—LEAD ON, AND I SHALL FOLLOW!



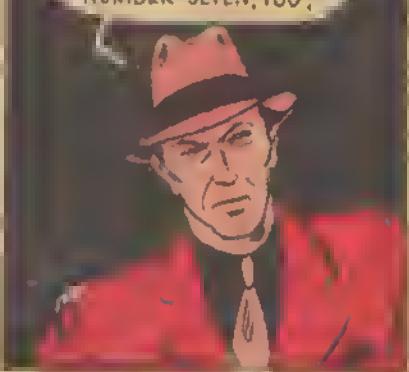
AFTER FOLLOWING THE BOY THRU THE CITY STREETS, THE CHASE COMES TO A HALT, AS THE MESSENGER TURNS IN ON SAINT JAMES PLACE AND APPROACHES A BROWNSTONE HOUSE



NUMBER SEVEN, SAINT JAMES PLACE, EH?... HMM — I SHALL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WHO COMES OUT OF THERE!... AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT—  
UH-UH!



WELL, I'LL BE!— THERE GOES THE GAL, TICK'S BEEN SHADOWING... WONDER WHETHER SHE GAVE HIM THE SLIP? AND SAY... IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S HEADING FOR NUMBER SEVEN, TOO!



HELLO, DAN... KINDA LOOKS LIKE OUR SUSPECTS TOOK ROUNDABOUT ROUTES TO THE SAME DESTINATION!



WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, NOW... WAIT FOR HER TO COME OUT, AND THEN FOLLOW HER AGAIN!



YEP... MORE THAN LIKELY, SHE HAS THE MESSAGE IN HER POSSESSION, NOW— AND WILL TRY TO RELAY IT TO THE HIGHER-UPS!



THREE HOURS OF WAITING, AND WHAT DO WE SEE COME OUT OF THE HOUSE?... AN OLD WOMAN!!

WAIT A MINUTE, TICK!— SEE THAT BASKET SHE'S CARRYING!... IT'S GOT FLOWERS IN IT!... AND LOOK... TAKE A SQUINT AT THE CLOTH THAT'S COVERING THE BASKET!...



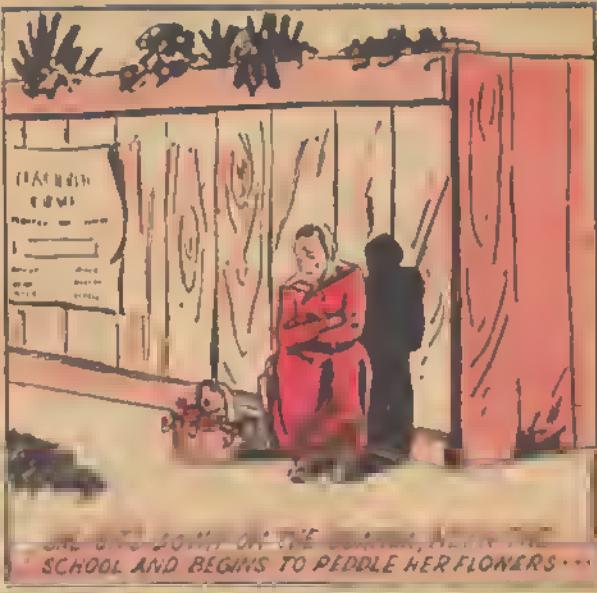
THEIR PATIENCE AT LAST EXHAUSTED, WAITING, DAN AND TICK ARE DISAPPOINTED AS AN OLD WOMAN COMES OUT OF THE HOUSE AND WALKS SLOWLY AWAY...



DAN'S KEEN EYES NOTICE THAT THE CLOTH, WHICH COVERS THE BASKET, IS REALLY THE KERCHIEF, WORN BY THE SUSPECT... THEY DECIDE TO FOLLOW HER....



THE OLD WOMAN LEADS THEM TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, IN THE VICINITY OF A SCHOOLHOUSE...



SHE SITS DOWN ON THE CORNER, NEAR THE SCHOOL AND BEGINS TO PEDDLER HER FLOWERS...



AFTER SCHOOL, THE HAPPY CHILDREN COME RUNNING AND SKIPPING DOWN THE STREET...



A LITTLE CHILD APPROACHES THE OLD WOMAN AND BUYS A FLOWER.....



HMM - WONDER WHY A SCHOOL-KID WOULD BUY A FLOWER ?

YEAH - AND THAT WAS HER ONLY CUSTOMER ALL DAY!



THAT SAME CHILD HAS BEEN BUYING A FLOWER EVERY DAY, HMM !



DAN APPROACHES THE CHILD, WHO HAS JUST PURCHASED ANOTHER FLOWER... TICK REMAINS BEHIND TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE OLD WOMAN...



MAY - WHAT A PRETTY FLOWER!! - HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR IT, LITTLE GIRL?



HERE'S TEN CENTS FOR YOUR FLOWER.... YOU CAN BUY ANOTHER ONE, AND THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET YOURSELF AN ICE-CREAM CONE WITH THE CHANGE...



ER, ONE MOMENT, LITTLE GIRL... I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU - TELL ME, WHO HAVE YOU BEEN BUYING FLOWERS FOR ?



CURSES! - I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!



WHY, THERE GOES MISTER PARGOT NOW!!!



FROM THE WINDOW OF THE CLASSROOM, TICK STOOD CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH AS HE WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS!

GOOD FOR YOU, MY CHILD - WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET AN "A" IN HISTORY!!



IN THE MEAN-TIME, TICK, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING THE OLD WOMAN, WAITS FOR A SIGNAL FROM DAN . . . HE GETS THE SIGN, MAKES A GRAB FOR HER WIG AND PLACES POLLY SUTTON, GLORIOUS, INTERNATIONAL SPI, UNDER CUSTODY



WATCH NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF 'KEEN' DETECTIVE FUNNIES FOR NEW AND THRILLING ADVENTURES WITH THE SCARLET SPY RING . . . THAT NOTORIOUS BAND OF INTERNATIONAL SPIES! ON THEIR TRAIL IS DAN DENNIS — F.B.I. — S. Gil —

# CLEVER-CLUES

A STICK-UP'S STORY-

BY TERSON



A HOLD-UP HAD OCCURRED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ZOO PARK TEN MINUTES AGO. OFFICER PICKS UP A SUSPECT STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GIRAFFE CAGE, BUT HE GIVES AN ALIBI. HE YELPS THAT HE COULD NOT HAVE COMMITTED THE ROBBERY FOR HE HAD BEEN STANDING THERE LISTENING TO THE GIRAFFE'S NEIGHING FOR OVER AN HOUR. A SMALL BOY WHO HAD APPROACHED KNEW THAT HIS STORY WAS UNTRUE. WHAT WAS WRONG?

## SOLUTION

GIRAFFE'S LARYNX IS SO LITTLE DEVELOPED THAT IT CAN UTTER NO SOUND AT ALL —

THE GIRAFFE DOES NOT NEIGH — THE

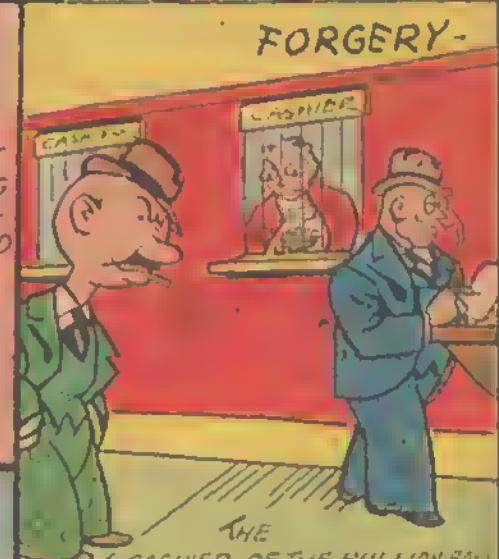


THREE BOYS SHOVELLED THE SNOW FROM MISS MOUNDIFUL'S SIDEWALK. SHE HAD A NICE HOT MINCE PIE TO GIVE THEM. HOLDING THE KNIFE SHE SAID, "I'LL SHARP DIVIDE IT EQUALLY BY THREE!"

SOLUTION — IT'S MENTAL ARITHMETIC, "SHILED

THAT HE HAD PLICKED UP THE BLOTTER USED BY VANDERCOIN AND WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR COPIED THE "SIG".

SOLUTION — THE SUSPECT ADMITTED THAT HE HAD PLICKED UP THE BLOTTER USED BY VANDERCOIN AND WITH THE



THE CASHIER OF THE BULLION BANK NOTICED A MAN STANDING IN THE LOBBY WHEN MR. J. PORIE VANDERCOIN WAS WRITING A CHECK. THE NEXT DAY THE SIGNATURE OF VANDERCOIN WAS FORGED. THE DETECTIVES TRAILED HIM AND HE CONFESSED. HOW DID THE FORGER OBTAIN A COPY OF VANDERCOIN'S SIGNATURE.

# Clement-Chlor

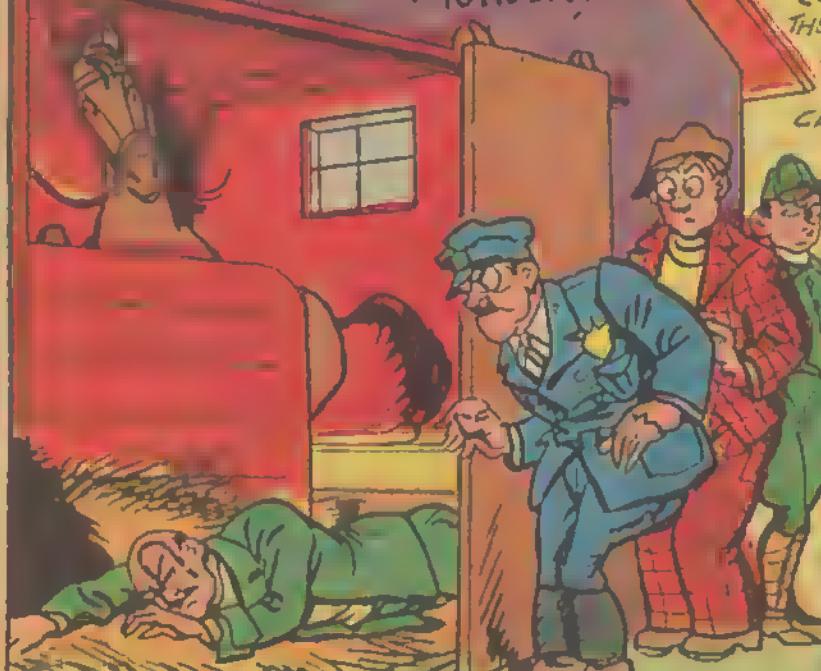


THE CHAUFFEUR HAD A DAY OFF SO MRS. DU PONGILT DROVE TO THE BANK. SHE HAD BEEN TO A PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND HAD HER JEWELS, VALUED AT \$25,000, IN HER HANDBAG, INTENDING TO DEPOSIT THEM IN THE VAULT BOX.

PARKING HER CAR, SHE LOCKED THE DOOR. AS SHE STARTED TOWARD THE BANK A YOUNG MAN RUSHED UP AND GRABBED HER HANDBAG. THEN SHE TOLD THE POLICE, "I WAS SO UPSET, THAT

I GOT IN MY CAR AND DROVE HOME!" WHEN ASKED TO WRITE DOWN WHAT HER BAG CONTAINED HER LIST WAS - THE JEWELS - ONE HANDKERCHIEF - TEN ONE DOLLAR BILLS - ONE LETTER - AND KEYS TO MY CAR. THE OFFICER POLITELY TOLD HER THAT SHE HAD FADED THE ROBBERY TO COLLECT INSURANCE ON THE GEMS. WHAT MADE HIM SUSPECT HER SCHEME? SOLUTION - SHE SAID THAT AFTER SHE LOCKED HER CAR, HER BAG WITH KEYS WERE STOLEN, YET SHE DROVE HOME.

## MURDER!



SOLUTION -  
THE VICTIM AND THE WEAPON -

KORN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOE-DOWN.  
SHOE WAS TOE-UP IF THE HORSE HAD KICKED  
THE WEAPON WAS FOUND. A HORSE SHOE  
WIREO A CLUB - THE JOCKEY CONFESSIONED.

COL. KORN THE OWNER OF THE THORGBRED "LIGHTNING" IS FOUND DEAD IN THE STABLE. AN OFFICER IS CALLED, AND EXAMINATION SHDWS A BLOODY IMPRINT OF A HORSE SHOE ON THE CRUSHED SKULL OF THE VICTIM. THE JOCKEY SAYS THAT HE SAW "LIGHTNING" KICK THE OWNER WHO DIED IMMEDIATELY. THE OFFICER BARKED, "YOU'RE LYING - IT'S MURDER."



# TNT TODD

ACE  
G-MAN

WAVES OF CRIME SWEEPS THE COUNTRY! ROBBERIES, MURDERS, KIDNAPINGS, DEFY SOLUTION. ON A DARK BACK STREET STROLLS TODD LOOKING FOR SOME LEAD!

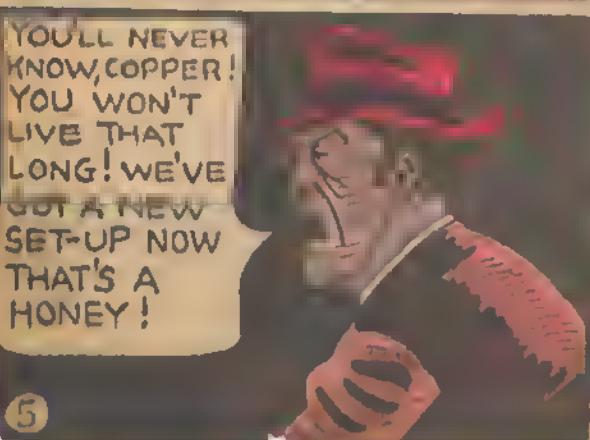
IN THE BLACK SHADOWS OF A WALL LURKS A SINISTER FIGURE, GUN IN HAND!

(2)

WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT TODD KO'S THE THUG!

(3)

A NEW SET-UP, HUH? AND YOU WERE HIRED TO RUB ME OUT...!  
TCH-TCH-TCH-----!



(5)

(6)

NEXT  
DAY  
TODD  
GETS  
A  
LETTER

HMM! I'LL  
HAVE THIS  
CHECKED  
FOR FINGER  
PRINTS AT  
THE OFFICE!

YOU'RE  
FINISHED!  
"THE ONE  
THOUSAND  
AND ONE"

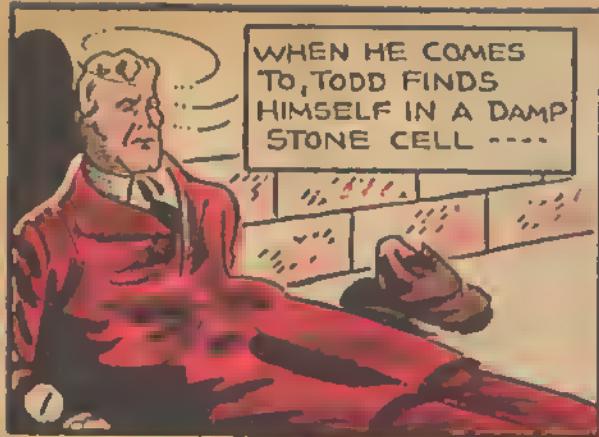
SORRY, TODD, THE  
FINGER PRINTS  
DON'T CHECK  
WITH OUR FILES!

SO INTO  
THE NIGHT  
ONCE MORE  
GOES TODD,  
WONDERING  
IF THE  
NOTE CAN  
BE THE  
WORK OF  
ONLY A  
CRANK!

TODD  
FALLS.  
UNCONSCIOUS

5  
SUDDENLY,  
FROM BEHIND,  
A HOODED  
FIGURE  
CLAPS A  
CHLOROFORMED  
CLOTH TO  
HIS NOSE!

6  
AND A  
SPEEDING  
CAR  
CARRIES  
HIM OFF



IN THE  
MEANTIME  
IN A  
Room  
UPSTAIRS

WELL,  
GENTLEMEN,  
WE CAN BE  
PROUD OF  
OUR "INTAKE"  
THIS LAST  
MONTH!

1

SIXTEEN  
MILLION  
NOT BAD!  
NOT BAD.  
AT ALL!

OUR AGENTS  
STUD THE  
COUNTRY! ONE  
THOUSAND AND  
ONE OPERATORS  
UNDER OUR  
TRIPLE  
COMMAND!

2

ONE VAST MONOPOLY OF CRIME  
WORKING LIKE A MACHINE!

3

ONE THOUSAND AND  
ONE UNDER OUR  
DIRECTION! WE  
THREE ARE THE  
HIGH COMMAND  
OF THIS ARMY  
OF PLUNDER!  
OUR  
IDENTITIES ARE SECRET  
EVEN TO  
EACH OTHER!

4

A TOAST, GENTLEMEN,  
TO THE ONE  
THOUSAND AND  
ONE -----

5

BUT NOW TO  
BUSINESS ---  
THAT G-MAN  
DOWNSTAIRS

BRING  
UP  
TODD!

7



IS TNT TODD'S CAREER AT AN END ---- OR CAN HE ESCAPE TO SMASH THIS HUGE CRIME COMBINE ?

CONTINUED IN OUR  
*Next Issue*

# YOUTHFUL DETECTIVES.

AN EPISODE IN THE COLORFUL CAREER OF DICK FELLOWS  
HIGHWAYMAN....IN WHICH A YOUTH, AT LEAST MOMENTARILY  
BRINGS HIM INTO THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

**I**T WAS ABOUT 1875 WHEN DICK FELLOWS SINGLE HANDED HELD UP A STAGE—COACH OUT OF LOS ANGELES. POPPING OUT OF THE BRUSH, ARMED WITH A PISTOL, FELLOWS COMMANDED THE DRIVER TO DROP THE STRONG BOX TO THE GROUND....HAVING FIRST SENT THE COACH ON ITS WAY... DICK EXAMINED THE BOX AND SINCE HE COULD NOT OPEN IT ON THE SPOT, DECIDED TO TAKE IT ON HIS HORSE.. A STOLEN MOUNT..TO A SAFER SPOT. SIGHT OF THE STRANGE BOX FRIGHTENED THE HORSE INTO RUNNING AWAY. UNDAUNTED FELLOWS CARRIED THE BOX TOWARD A SECLUDED SPOT. BUT, ON THE WAY HE FELL, BREAKING HIS LEG.., ON OPENING THE BOX HE FILLED HIS POCKETS WITH MONEY, THEN FASHIONED A CRUTCH AND HOBBLED TO A SMALL RANCH TO STEAL A HORSE. AS THE SCENE OPENS NEWS OF THE ROBBERY HAS REACHED LOS ANGELES AND DETECTIVES ARE SENT TO CATCH THE ROBBER. NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME THE SLEUTHS COME UPON A YOUNGSTER.



HE COMES UPON THE INJURED MAN.....  
THE YOUNSTER GOES FOR THE SHERIFF  
WHO IN TURN SENDS FOR THE DETECTIVE.



HE IS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF A HORSE STOLEN FROM HIS FATHER'S BARN. THE TRAIL IS EASY AS THE SHOE ON THE HIND RIGHT HOOF IS A MULE SHOE.

FIGURING THAT AS LONG AS THEY ARE ON THE TRAIL OF ONE CRIMINAL THEY MIGHT AS WELL CATCH A HORSE THIEF TOO...

THE DETECTIVES TELL THE BOY TO KEEP TRAILING THE THIEF, NEVER DREAMING IT IS FELLOWS, AND TO SEND FOR THEM AS SOON AS HE COMES UPON HIS QUARRY



WITH THE AID OF THE SHERIFF, THE BOY, WHO IS KNOWN TO US AS TOMMY, TAKES THE INJURED DESPERADO TO THE LOCAL JAIL.



AS FELLOWS' INJURIES ARE PATCHED HE ADMITS THEFT OF THE HORSE... LATER HE ADMITTED HE HAD ROBBED THE STAGECOACH.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, WASHINGTON, D.C.

-MANUEL ROSSOFF HAS WRITTEN ME, FROM NEW YORK, THAT HE WILL BE VERY GLAD TO ANSWER HIS SUMMONS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COMMITTEE NEXT WEEK!



-HIS WILLINGNESS WORRIES ME—HE'S A BAD EGG, AND HE KNOWS WE'VE COMPILED PLENTY OF EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM!  
-I'M AFRAID HE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!



AND IN A SHABBY MANHATTAN OFFICE, WE FIND THE BAD EGG, MANUEL ROSSOFF!

NOW HENRY, YOU ARE SURE THIS TIME-BOMB WILL GO OFF AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT?



MANUEL, YOU HURT ME DEEPLY—  
HOW CAN YOU DOUBT ME? TIME-BOMBS ARE MY SPECIALTY,  
YOU KNOW THAT!

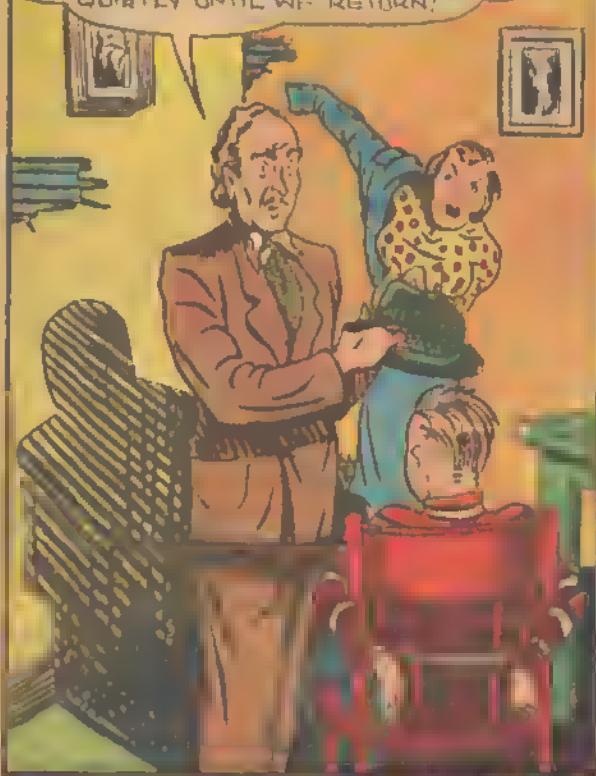


I AM SORRY, COMRADE! — VERY WELL, I LEAVE ON A FAST TRAIN TO WASHINGTON TONIGHT! — I WILL PLANT YOUR BOMB IN THE VERY BUILDING WHERE THE COMMITTEE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST US IS KEPT!





WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU HERE ALONE FOR AWHILE, INFANT! - I'M SCHEDULED TO DELIVER A SPEECH THIS AFTERNOON - IN UNION SQUARE... SO, JUST SIT QUIETLY UNTIL WE RETURN!



A FINE PICKLE!  
- I WOULD  
- WHAT'S THAT THING?!



UNDER THE WITHERING RAYS OF THE EYE, THE BINDING ROPES DISINTEGRATE



LATER... YOU WERE TRULY INSPIRED TODAY, MANUEL! - SUCH FIRE! - SUCH VERVE! - YOU WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE GREATEST ORATOR OF ALL TIME!



NOW LISTEN CLOSELY TO MY INSTRUCTIONS AND DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU!





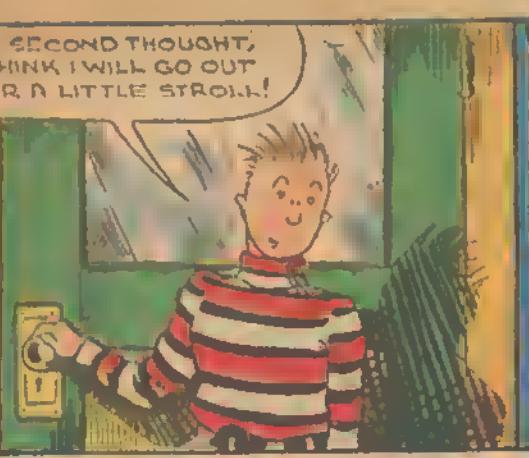
ON SECOND THOUGHT,  
I THINK I WILL GO OUT  
FOR A LITTLE STROLL!

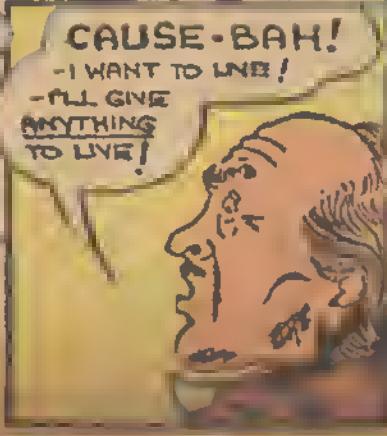
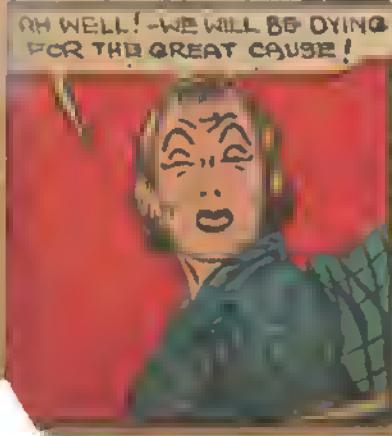
ARE YOU TELLING THE  
TRUTH? - THAT'S THE  
CRAZIEST STORY I EVER  
HEARD!

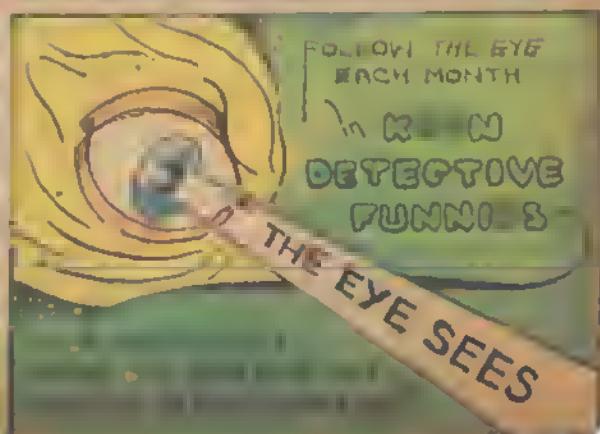
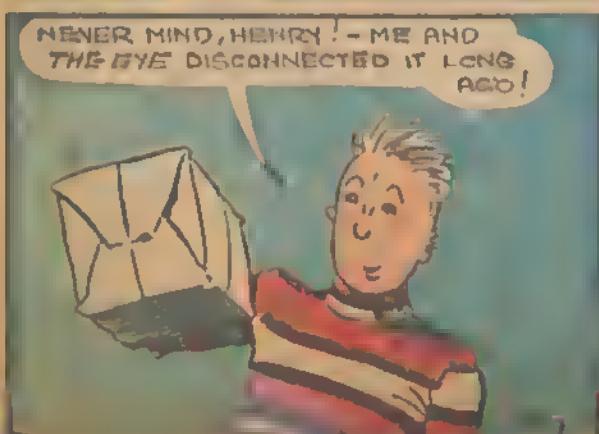
16 ST UNK

HONEST, IT'S TRUE!

MARSHET LOUISA







# CRIME CRUSHERS



FAMOUS FOR HIS ORIGINAL METHODS, DETECTIVE BRUCKMAN CRACKED MANY BAFFLING CASES.



MANY MANHATTAN MURDERS HAVE BEEN SOLVED BY SLEUTH BRUCKMAN'S SHREWD DEDUCTIONS - WITH ONLY A FOUNTAIN PEN FOR A CLUE HE GAINED THE SOLUTION OF THE DOLGE CASE - A BLACK BOW FROM A HAT BROUGHT THE SOLUTION OF THE PRATT MYSTERY.



CAPT.  
HENRY  
BRUCKMAN  
CALLED ONE OF  
NEW YORK POLICE  
CITY'S  
WIDEST-OPEN MINDS.



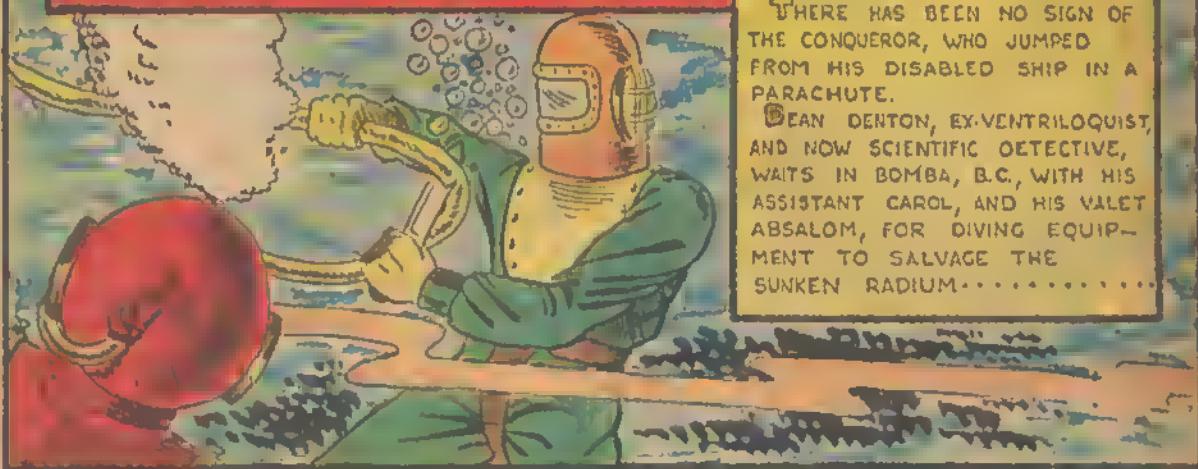
ANOTHER FAMOUS MYSTERY, THE JENNIE BECKER CASE, DETECTIVE BRUCKMAN SOLVED WITH NO CLUE AT ALL -

# DEAN DENTON

## scientific detective

### DILEMMA OF THE DEEP

A YOUNG SCIENTIST

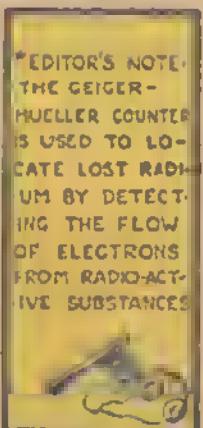
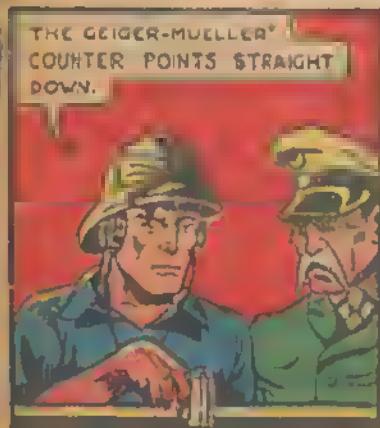
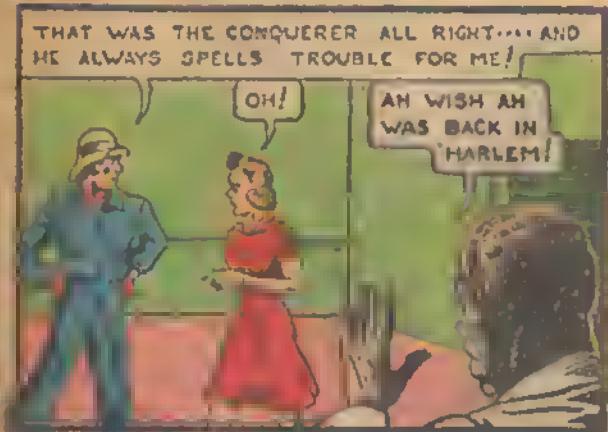


THE CONQUEROR'S PLANE, WITH ITS \$50,000 CARGO OF RADIUM, LIES ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC, OFF THE COAST OF THE BELGIAN CONGO.

THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGN OF THE CONQUEROR, WHO JUMPED FROM HIS DISABLED SHIP IN A PARACHUTE.

DEAN DENTON, EX-VENTRiloquist, AND NOW SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE, WAITS IN BOMBA, B.C., WITH HIS ASSISTANT CAROL, AND HIS VALET ABSALOM, FOR DIVING EQUIPMENT TO SALVAGE THE SUNKEN RADIUM.....





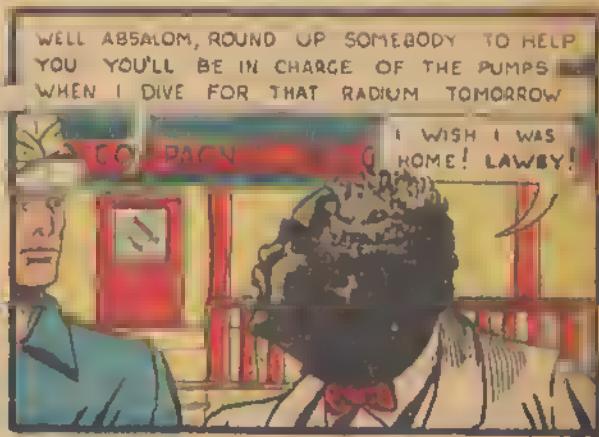


\* EDITOR'S NOTE  
BENDS, THE BANE OF DIVERS, IS CAUSED BY NITROGEN FORCED INTO THE BLOOD BY THE PRESSURE WHEN THE PRESSURE IS RELIEVED, THE NITROGEN FORMS BUBBLES, SOMETIMES CAUSING BENDS!!

NEXT DAY - AT BOMBA DIVING CO.



AT THE COMPAGNIE BELGIQUE OFFICES



AND THE NEXT MORNING DEAN SAILS

DEAN! ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE FOR YOU TO DIVE FOR THAT RADIUM?

SAFE ENOUGH



DROP ANCHOR HERE!

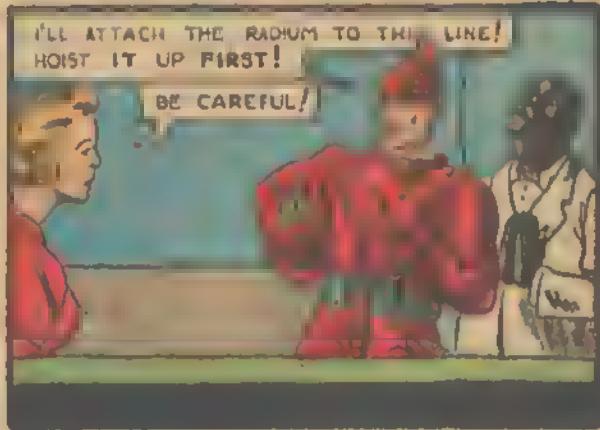


THIS PUMP CREW'S NOT SO HOT. IF ANYTHING GOES SOUR, I CAN CUT THESE WEIGHTS LOOSE, AND FLOAT UP!



I'LL ATTACH THE RADIUM TO THIS LINE! HOIST IT UP FIRST!

BE CAREFUL!



WITH A PRAYER, DEAN DROPS OVER THE SIDE!



HE DESCENDS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS, IN QUEST OF THE MISSING RADIUM—



THERE GOES DENTON—I'LL FOLLOW! IF HE SENDS UP THE RADIUM—GRAB IT!



MEANTIME—ON THE CONQUEROR'S BOAT....

THE CONQUEROR GOES OVER THE SIDE OF HIS BOAT— FOLLOWING DEAN!



DEAN RECOVERS THE RADIUM FROM THE SUBMERGED PLANE.—



THE CONQUEROR ALIGHTS BESIDE DEAN—



500 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE, THE CONQUEROR, FINDING THE RADIUM GONE, ATTACKS DEAN....



A BLOW FLOORS THE CONQUEROR—



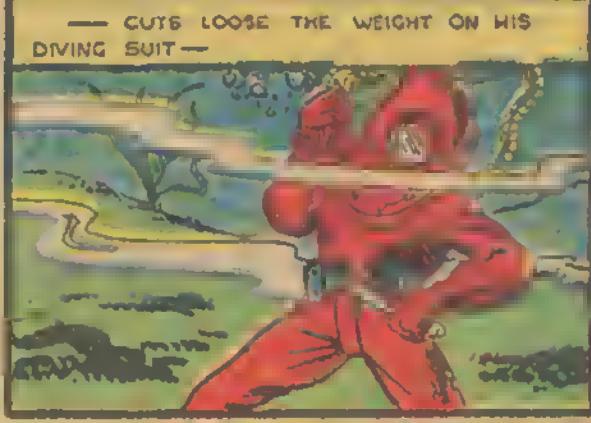
ENRAGED, THE CONQUEROR DRAWS A KNIFE  
AND SLASHES DEAN'S AIR HOSE —



TO SAVE THE AIR, DEAN DOUBLES THE  
HOSE —



— CUTS LOOSE THE WEIGHT ON HIS  
DIVING SUIT —



— AND SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE CONQUEROR'S MEN  
ATTACK DEAN'S BOAT —



THANKS FOR  
THE RADIUM!

YOU-YOU  
BEASTS!



